



SPECIAL EDITION

The Bethel Courier.

In Commemoration of the 200th Anniversary of the Indian Raid on Sudbury Canada

AUGUST 3, 1781 – AUGUST 3, 1981

SPECIAL EDITION COST \$1.00

AUGUST 3, 1981

BETHEL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

INTRODUCTION AND PERSPECTIVE

August 3, 1781 was a date destined to assume a major importance in the history of Bethel and the surrounding area. Then known as Sudbury Canada, a frontier outpost inhabited by ten families and four single men, Bethel was one of four towns "opened for improvement" above Rumford Falls in the 1770's, in an area beyond the implied boundary for settlement, set nearly 100 years earlier in the Pejepscot Purchase. Following the critical battle in 1725, known as Lovewell's Fight, in Fryeburg, the Pequaket Indians of the Saco River Valley, and the neighboring Anasagunticooks of the Androscoggin Valley, withdrew to Canada, returning in greatly diminished numbers to their former tribal lands in periods of peace.

The first settlers in Sudbury Canada encountered few Indians, and those who did roam the valley engaged in trade with the whites. Just prior to the Raid, a "surly" manner on the part of the Indians, was noted by the settlers and on August 3, 1781, a band of six Indians, painted and armed with guns, tomahawks, and knives, led by Tomhegan, raided the settlement. The details of the Raid are contained in the narrative written by one of the captives, Lt. Nathaniel Segar, which is reprinted in this Edition. Segar was assisted in his reminiscences by Rev. Daniel Gould.

The reason for the raid remains somewhat obscure, as it stood as a late occurrence, with similar attacks on coastal and Connecticut River valley settlements occurring much earlier. Some nineteenth century historians point to possible reasons in a British bounty offered for captives or scalps, or to Tomhegan's evil and homicidal disposition. An even more likely explanation would be the dispute over tribal lands. Despite the sparse Indian population in Bethel in 1774, only a generation earlier the Jonathan Clark farm, site of the Raid, had been an Indian burial ground, and settlers had found signs of a large encampment on the river at Bethel, hastily abandoned possibly at the time of Lovewell's Fight. N. T. True, Bethel historian indicates that the

(Continued on Page 2)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Segar Narrative	Page 2
1881 Celebration	3
1931 Celebration	4
Recollections of '31	4
Indians of Androscoggin Valley	6
Well-Known Indians	6
Treasure Legends	7
Photo Album	10-11
Special Edition Overview	15

INDIAN RAID '81

August 1-2, 1981

Bethel, Maine

FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1981

Square Dance, Telstar Gym, Joe Casey, caller, 8 p.m.
Militia arrive – campsites open

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1981

8:30 a.m. Cannon Salute on the Village Common
Settler's Breakfast, Congregational Church

9:00 a.m. 18th Century Camp Opens for Inspection (Bethel Common)

Exhibit Areas Open (Gould Academy Field House,
Moses Mason House, Gen. Alger Barn, Bethel Inn
Elms back yard)

Flower Show, Garland Chapel

Horse Show, Murphy Field (just off Bridge Street)

Food and Craft Booth open

10:30 a.m. Heritage Parade (Main, Church, Railroad, Main &
Vernon)

11:30 -

12:30 Registration for Canoe Race, Songo Pond

1:00 p.m. Infantry Drill on Common

18th century demonstration of crafts begin on
Common

Canoe Races on Songo Pond

2:00 p.m. Cannon demonstration on Common

3:00 p.m. Infantry Drill on Common

4:00 p.m. Militia Mock Battle

5 - 7 p.m. Bean Suppers throughout the Village

6:00 p.m. Community Jam Session, Bethel Common

SUNDAY, AUGUST 2, 1981

9:00 a.m. Old Fashioned Church Services, Bethel churches

10:00 a.m. 18th Century Obstacle Race, Bethel Common

11:00 a.m. 18th Century Militia Demonstrations, Bethel
Common

12:00 p.m. Children's Parade around Common

1:30 p.m. Indian Raid Pageant, Bethel Common

Exhibits, craft, demonstrations, sales, food booths throughout
the day. Special Indian Raid '81 stamp cancellation also avail-
able: Saturday, 12 noon to 4 p.m.; Sunday noon to two p.m.

INTRODUCTION AND PERSPECTIVE (Continued from Page 1)

land above Rumford Falls was disputed, and Mollyockett took this position long after white settlement was an established fact.

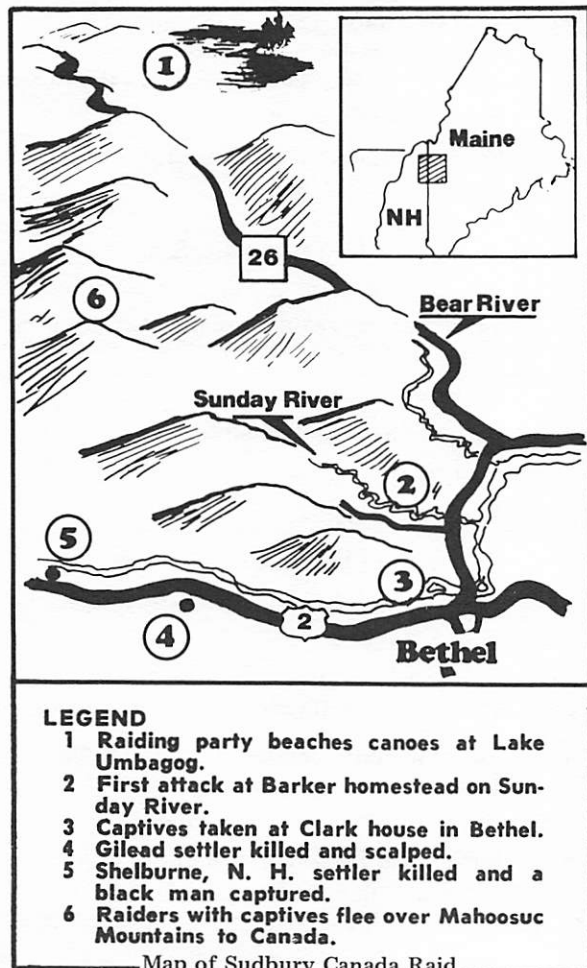
To the settlers, however, the Raid was certainly not perceived as a last-ditch, futile effort on the part of the Indians. The Marshall, Russell and Keyes families left immediately for safer towns to the south, and a rescue party was summoned from Fryeburg. Two stockades were erected in Bethel, and the settlers applied to Massachusetts for men to garrison them.

The Raid was the last in New England and in the years following, white settlement began in earnest in western Maine and northern N.H. Stories of the Raid certainly were told at firesides for years after, and the event was celebrated upon the occasion of its Centennial and Sesquicentennial, in 1881 and 1931. Accounts of these events are described elsewhere in this Edition, and attest to the degree of dramatic license involved in the pageantry on both occasions.

The Indian Raid should be seen as the final volley in a conflict which extended over 100 years, the outcome of which had been decided years before 1781; the conflict between the Indian tribal life-style and the expansion of white settlement.

THE CAPTIVITY OF LT. NATHANIEL SEGAR DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

I, NATHANIEL SEGAR, was born at Newton, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts. I resided here until the year 1774. In the spring of this year, I went to a place called Sudbury Canada, now Bethel, on the great Androscoggin River, Maine. I worked here several months, and



then returned back to Newton, the same fall, and remained there during the winter.

In the spring of the year 1779, I concluded to set out again for Sudbury Canada (Bethel), where I had been the year before the American Revolutionary War commenced. I went in company with my friend, Mr. Jonathan Bartlet. We carried kettles with us to make sugar. The remainder of the season, after we had made several hundred weight of sugar, we spent in clearing land, with a view to make us farms, and to make a permanent settlement in this place. In the fall of this year, we returned to our friends at Newton, where we tarried through the winter.

In the spring of the year 1780, I set out again with my friend Bartlet, and also Mr. Thaddeus Bartlet and a boy by the name of Aaron Barton, for Bethel. When we had arrived here, we employed ourselves in making sugar, and then in clearing and working upon our land. We had very good crops of corn, and other things. In the fall, we concluded to spend the winter in this place, which we did. The Indians here appeared very friendly towards us. They employed themselves in hunting; and we could barter with them, for corn and sugar, and for which we received wild meat, tallow, and fur; and hence we lived quietly and comfortably with them. We labored to live in good friendship. However, we had many difficulties to encounter, as is always the case in settling new countries. We had no roads; we went by marked trees, and hauled in our necessities on hand-sleighs. We had no neighbors settled near us; and there being but very few families in this place, it was for our interest and safety to cultivate peace and a good understanding with the savages of the wilderness.

There had been a Mill built in the upper part of the town, by Capt. Joseph Twitchell, one of the original proprietors of the town, which was about ten miles from where we had made our pitch; it was now out of order, and could not be repaired till another season. But to remedy this evil, we went to work and made us a little Hand-Mill to grind our corn. We succeeded very well with our mill; and ground our corn in it till the next spring, when the former mill was repaired. We all enjoyed good health during the winter.

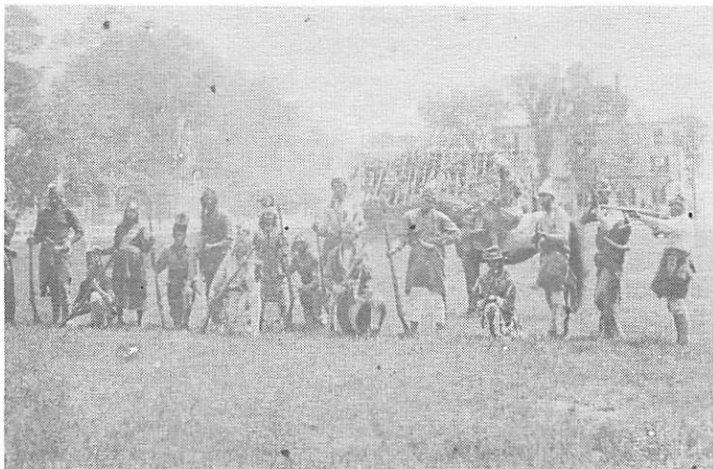
There were only five families, at this time, that were settled in this part of the town, and not very near together, viz. Mr. Samuel Ingalls, Mr. Jesse Dustin, Mr. John York, Mr. Amos Powers, and our family. In the upper part of the town, five families had settled, viz. Capt. Eleazer Twitchell, Benjamin Russell, Esq. Abraham Russell, Lieut. Jonathan Clark, and Mr. James Swan. The nearest of them was six miles, and some of them were ten or eleven miles distance from us; therefore, we could afford but little assistance to each other, should the Indians molest us in any part of the town.

In the spring of the year 1781, the Mill was repaired, and we concluded to reside here, and to call it our home. We, therefore, went to work in sugaring, and in clearing and tilling our land for farms and a crop, in high spirits, as the land was good, being much intervale on the river. The Indians were often in among us, and appeared very friendly. We sold them corn, and other things, for meat, fur, etc. In the first of this season, they appeared very friendly towards us, which we labored to cultivate; and they were pleased in trading with us. Afterwards, they grew morose and surly; but still we were not apprehensive of any mischief from them, as we had heretofore lived quietly with them. But at length they came in very much emboldened, and painted, and more in a hostile manner than heretofore. We inquired of them the reason of their painting themselves, and of their being so merry; they told us, that it was a high day

(Continued on Page 5)

Oxford Democrat, August 9, 1881

Bethel Indians—They Celebrate A Fight of One Hundred Years Ago — Large Gathering and Pleasing Exercises.



Pageant, 1881

Owing to circumstances which he could not control, the publisher was unable to represent the Oxford Democrat at the Bethel Centennial last Wednesday. The following report of doings prepared by Mr. Abiel Chandler, Jr. of Bethel, is so complete that our readers will feel the paper did not fail of its duty in procuring an excellent reporter to fill the vacancy.

The idea of celebrating the centennial anniversary of the last incursion by the Indians upon the New England settlements, which took place Aug. 3rd, 1781, at Sudbury Canada, now Bethel, originated, we believe, with Dr. N. T. True. A meeting of citizens was held, and the following committee of arrangements chosen: N. T. True, A. E. Herrick, Dr. Tuell, G. R. Wiley, A. M. True. Subsequently, another special committee to make arrangements for a mock Indian attack, was chosen as follows: W. E. Skillings, L. T. Barker, A. E. Herrick, W. S. Wright, H. C. Barker, and C. M. Wormell. These two committees did a good deal of hard word, and are entitled to great commendation.

The morning of August 3, 1881, dawned as fair as heart could desire, for the celebration of the attack of the St. Francis Indians on Sudbury, Canada.

At a very early hour the streets were alive with people whose chief aim in life for the moment was to see the exercises of the celebration.

The fun began with a grand chorus of bells from all the steeples in the town at five o'clock this morning. The procession began to form, about nine o'clock, under the direction of Maj. Gideon A. Hastings, a soldier, who thoroughly understood his duties.

The Order of Procession was as follows:
Mounted Rangers, Capt. Dwight Rose
Marshall of the Day, Maj. G. A. Hastings
Police Escort, Capt. S. F. Gibson
Bethel Cornet Band

Gorham Cadets, Capt. J. E. Neals
Selectmen of Bethel and other towns
Committee of Arrangements
President of the Day, D. F. Brown, esq.; Chaplain Rev. Jarvis K. Mason, D.D.
Orator, N. T. True, M.D.
Poet, Hon. A. S. Twitchell
Citizens

Maj. Hastings was mounted on a prancing bay and wore a marshal's scarf. He gallantly headed the parade.

The cavalcade of mounted rangers was received with great enthusiasm and hand clapping. Twenty of the farmers and farmers' sons of the town, were equipped in pioneer costume, and mounted on stout nags. They wore slouch hats with flaming streamers or feathers, and farmers' frocks and leggings. Their rifles were slung over their backs, and fierce powder horns were hung at their waists. They rode with genuine ranger dash and put great spirit into their part of the celebration. Capt. Dwight Rose rode a handsome gelding and headed the rangers.

When the procession reached the head of Church Street they were met by a mounted settler riding at great speed, who announced in a very agitated tone that he had discovered a war party of Indians approaching the settlement. The captain of the Rangers at once detailed four mounted detachments to reconnoiter, with orders if the Indians were discovered to fall back to the block house. Three of these detachments were surprised and driven by the Indians, who followed them closely as they retreated, and getting positions behind trees and fences, opened fire upon the block house. The fourth detachment was cut off, and only succeeded after a sharp struggle, in which two of them were killed, in cutting their way through the Indians reaching the fort. After ten minutes of rapid firing on both sides, the Indians withdrew under cover of a grove and held a hurried consultation, which was immediately followed by a charge from the main body of the Indians, who advanced very rapidly, yelling and firing, but were driven back by the hot fire. Charging again more fiercely than before, they rushed up to within 15 or 20 feet of the block house, and again retreated under the heavy fire. During this attack, which was made to cover another operation, five Indians approached the fort upon the opposite side, and stealing up unobserved by the garrison, battered in the door of the fort, and securing a prisoner, hastily retreated. The prisoner was hurried away and securely bound to a tree, and the whole band of savages gathered about him and held a council, sitting in a circle on the grass, to determine the fate of the prisoner. It was decided that he should die by fire, and while a part of the band surrounded a tree, brandishing their tomahawks and executing war dances, the rest collected brush and piled about the prisoner, and a torch was got ready. At this moment the soldiers filing quietly out of the fort, made a sudden dash, and pouring two volleys into the Indians, scattering them in all directions, cut the ropes and rescued the prisoner. The Indians, however, succeeded in flanking the garrison before they could regain the fort, and the sharpest hand to hand conflict of the whole battle took place in an attempt of the settlers to open a passage. The Indians were finally driven off, leaving several dead upon the field, but cap-

(Continued on Page 12)

INDIAN RAID 1881 COMMITTEES

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

N. T. True
Dr. Tuell
G. R. Wiley
A. E. Herrick
A. M. True

PAGEANT COMMITTEE

W. E. Skillings
L. T. Barker
A. E. Herrick
W. S. Wright
H. C. Barker
C. M. Wormell

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE INDIAN RAID CELEBRATION OF 1931

By Margaret Joy Tibbetts

My Mother, Pearl Ashby Tibbetts, wrote the 1931 special Indian Raid edition of the Citizen almost singlehanded with the Editor, Carl Brown, the only other person significantly involved. Mother worked all spring and early summer interviewing and writing. Mr. Goddard was the photographer who took most of the pictures; some of the less formal ones, like Wallace Warren in his Blacksmith Shop, are very fine. We have always been very proud of this special edition which took talent, energy and a great deal of hard work. When she was working on it she commented that in trying to find out what the Celebration of 1881 was like, she had discovered that those who were children in 1881 had more memories of the Celebration than those who had been adults at that time.

I was 11, going on 12, in the summer of 1931 and certainly the Indian Raid made a deep impression on me. It remains for me the great local celebration. There were no Mollycokett Days at that time, and by 1931 small circuses and even Chautauquas had stopped coming to Bethel, victims of the changing habits of rural area with increasing use of the automobile. Of course, there was no television and most children did not even go to the movies very often. So there were few occasions with parades and pageants.

In addition in 1931 times were hard. Bethel was spared many of the terrible miseries which took place elsewhere in the Great Depression, although throughout the early thirties we were increasingly aware of ragged and sometimes hungry tramps on the roads. But for almost everyone money was tight and not easily available for entertainment.

The weather was good on Indian Raid day, slightly overcast in the morning with steady improvement throughout the day.



Our house on Main Street is a fine vantage point for parades and from early morning on we were aware of growing crowds of people moving on the street and coming to sit on the lawn out front. Many were in from the country; in those days country people were easily identified — they looked as if they had spent more time in the sun.

The parade was long. Bert Grover, a Legionaire, rode ahead and Marsh Hastings was President of the Day and Grand Marshal. I had heard my Mother say that he had been chosen both because he was popular locally and also because the Hastings family has played so prominent a role in Bethel's history.

My dominant impression, however, was of the great number of horses and horse-drawn vehicles. There was an emphasis on the past which gave an excuse to bring out wagons, buggies, carts and carriages and in addition there were many riders. The Indians who later appeared in the pageant rode bareback; also on horses as were the early settlers who came to the rescue. There were many in old fashioned costumes, top hats, frock coats, cow hide boots, straw hats, bonnets, long skirts etc. It is my impression that attics today are no longer full of 19th century clothes — probably all worn out or too tempting to moths — but fifty years ago most people had old clothes on hand. There were also more horses in use and many more people who knew how to handle and to drive them. How much we have lost in this respect. Today most horses locally are beautiful recreational objects, but in 1931 Bethel had more farms and horses were still working members of the family. All around the square were enraptured crowds drinking in the parade.

On the Common there were booths with food and such games as throwing a baseball at someone's head sticking through a hole in a blanket. Souvenirs were sold. The great favorite was a celluloid button with an Indian Head on it and a hatchet dangling below. The crowd was larger than anything I had ever seen in Bethel.

At the Congregational Church at noon the American Legion Auxiliary served dinner. My mother headed the committee along with Mrs. Frank Robertson. Everyone in Bethel had been solicited on the basis of "bring what you can" and there was a tremendous response. From every neighborhood food poured in — baked beans, brown bread, casseroles, vegetables, corned beef, roasts of pork, spare ribs, ham, salad, and pies, pies, pies. Mother remembers as just two examples of the response that Betsy Morrill came in from Mason Town with a large wash tub of beautifully washed lettuce and Mrs. Vear Bean with another wash tub of cooked and peeled beets. There were also donations of cream and butter and hot rolls. (People generally ate better in 1931, at least in the country. There were no additives, prepared mixes or frozen food.) Cleo Russell took tickets at the door. 800 people were served in four shifts at \$.50 a head. Mother and others worked so long in the kitchen, they missed several high spots of the day.

The pageant in the afternoon remains a cherished memory. It took place on what is now the lower Athletic Field of Gould Academy, then a meadow. Spectators sat on the side hill. A cabin had been built for the setting. John Howe and Grace Carter were the adult players, Dale Thurston and Eslyn Warren the children. It was in pantomime, opening on a domestic scene in which a very lively Grace Carter chased John Howe, clutching a cider jug, round the door yard. Then came the Indians, on foot, long legged adolescents: I remember my brother Ashby, Herbert Rowe, Wilson and Trafton Bartlett, Robert Littlehale, but there were about twenty in all. They came from the direction of what is now Clayton Sweatt's house across the brook. Their attack was spirited and they dragged their captives away, setting the cabin on fire before they left. Rescuers from lower Mill Hill, (the Raimy boys who lived on The Rabbit Road) representing the Fryeburg militia, came galloping in but were too late. Burning the cabin may be historically inaccurate, but it was a grand climax.

In the evening of this splendid day there was open air dancing on a platform built in front of Bert Rowe's store, now the Firehouse location. It could have been Lord's Orchestra which played but I cannot remember. But I do remember the pleasant glow of excitement which pervaded the scene as a large crowd watched.

(Continued on Page 5)

CELEBRATION OF 1931 (Continued From Page 4)

The Celebration of 1931 was undoubtedly educational in the sense that many of us learned something of the real Indian Raid about which we had previously known nothing. It is an event worthy of commemoration and reminds us indeed of the uncertainties of life for Bethel's first settlers. But mainly for me it was a day of good will and excitement with wide local participation and enthusiasm. I shall always remember the large crowd in Bethel that long day, filled with activity, a day in which everyone seemed to be having a good time.



NATHANIEL SEGAR (Continued From Page 2)

with them. They pleased themselves in talking and laughing with each other in their own language, which we did not understand. We did not know nor even surmise any harm from them. Their conduct at this time, and the manner in which they appeared, were very different from what they were before; but still we kept about our work, not being much afraid of them as we knew of no reason why we should be afraid of them, or why they should, in the least, injure us, as we had always lived in harmony with them. There were none of these Indians in the party when I was taken prisoner.

When they came in earnest, I was at the upper part of the town at work. On the third day of August, 1781, there came six Indians from Canada; I knew one of them, named Tomhegan, for he had been often at my house. They were all painted, and armed with guns, tomahawks and scalping knives. I, and Lieut. Jonathan Clark, and Capt. Eleazer Twitchell, were at a little distance from a piece of woods, when five Indians came running out of the woods, and told us that we were their prisoners, and must go with them to Canada — Lieut. Clark's house was near by. They took us to the house, and bound us.

After they had bound us, they went to plundering the house, and told us to sit down, and sit still, or they would kill us. While they were plundering the house, they found several gallons of rum in the cellar, a part of which they put into their bottles and carried away with them. They found sixteen dollars in money, some clothing, provision and many other things, which they found in the house, and converted them to their own use. While they were plundering the house, Mrs. Clark had embraced her opportunity, and hid her husband's silver watch in the ashes, so that she saved it from the Indians. They attempted to take her gold necklace from her neck, but the string broke and the beads were scattered about the floor. When they were gone,

she found nearly all of them. They also attempted to take her silver buckles from her shoes; she asked them what business they had with her feet, and they finally left them. My fears were that they would kill her — she was very bold towards them, and showed no fear.

While these things were doing, an Indian came out of the woods with Mr. Benjamin Clark, another prisoner, whom he had taken. In the meantime, Capt. Twitchell, by watching his opportunity, had absconded, and had so effectually secreted himself in the woods among the logs, that they could not find him: and night coming on, he remained here during the night. In the morning, he returned home in safety to his family, and rejoiced with them for his deliverance from the power of the savages of the wilderness. Mrs. Clark had secreted herself within a few rods of the Captain, where she lay all night, wholly unknown to each other, until the morning, when both returned home.

When the Indians had taken what they pleased, they packed up their plunder, and told Mrs. Clark to tarry in the house, and she would not be hurt, but if she went abroad, she would be killed, for there were hundreds of Indians in the woods.

When their matters were adjusted, the Indians loaded the prisoners and themselves with heavy packs, filled with plunder, and, our hands being bound, we were ordered to march. With heavy hearts, as well as packs, we obeyed their commands. It was now dark, so that we could not travel more than one or two miles before we were under the necessity of encamping for the night; and a dismal night it was to us. I had often heard of people being taken by the Indians, and I now found myself in this dreadful situation, not knowing what evils would befall us, and whether we should ever see our friends again, whom we were now leaving in anxiety, uncertainty and distress.

However, we travelled and found a deserted camp, or hut, where Mr. Peter Austin had lived, while he was felling trees, and making a farm; but happily for him, he was now gone. Here we tarried during this distressing night. The Indians entered the hut, and made search for plunder. They found some sugar, and two guns—one they broke, and the other they took away with them. It was now so dark that we could go no further. The Indians ordered the prisoners to lie down, and they laid down around them. Here we spent a gloomy night, which none can realize except those who have been in a like condition. After a sleepless, distressing night, not knowing what a day might bring forth, and being in the hands of cruel and barbarous savages, we arose early in the morning, even before it was light; and lest we should escape from them, or rise upon them, they tied the bridle with which I was bound very straight, as well as the others' bandages, so that our hands were much benumbed. We now needed all the fortitude of Philosophers, and resignation of Christians, to support us in our melancholy situation.

Before it was light, the Indians could not easily find the baggage. One of them missed his tomahawk, and accused me of having taken it, and would have given me a heavy, perhaps a deadly, blow, had not another Indian stepped between us and prevented it. When the light was more clear, he found it.

Early in the morning, we were ordered to travel up the river. We came to a place called Peabody's Patent, now Gilead. We went to a house owned by Mr. James Pettengill. He was at a little distance from his house, when we came to it. He was making towards his house; but seeing the Indians at the house, he stopped. The Indians discovered him, and called to him to come to them; and he did. They then searched the house, and they found some sugar, and in a tub, some cream. They put the sugar into the tub of cream, and they fell to eating like hogs, but they

(Continued on Page 8)

INDIANS OF THE ANDROSCOGGIN VALLEY

The Indians of the Androscoggin River Valley were members of the Anasigunticook tribe, a sub-group of the Abenakis, the major tribal grouping which encompassed the Indians from the Pennacooks in New Hampshire to the Passamaquoddies and the St. John River Indians in eastern Maine. By the eighteenth century, and certainly by the time of white penetration into inland Maine, the tribal organization of the Abenakis and their subgroups had been greatly weakened, starting with a smallpox epidemic in 1617, and followed by major migrations to Canada as the result of the Mohawk invasion in 1680, and the English raids in 1724-25. The Maine Indians, including the Pequakets from the Fryeburg area, and the Anasigunticooks of the Androscoggin Valley, became associated with the Indians of the St. Francis Mission in Canada, and were often referred to as St. Francis Indians.

Some members of the Maine tribes did return to their tribal lands regularly in periods of peace between the colonial wars of the 18th century. During these wars, their loyalties were often divided between English and French, conflicts which further weakened tribal bonds. The way of life of the Indians during the period just preceding and during white settlement differed little from that of their forebearers in less turbulent times. Their lives were geared to the waterways of the Maine woods, the quest for the day's food, and the need for clothing, shelter, weapons and fire. During the spring hunt, beaver and muskrat were trapped, fish were caught in rude weirs, and salmon were speared. Corn, beans and pumpkins were planted, using an alewife as fertilizer. In the summer, the Indians travelled south to the sea, harvesting its bounty to be eaten, or dried and packed away in birchbark boxes. Acorns were ground, feathers gathered, seals, porpoises and even whales hunted. Berries were picked and dried, roots dug, eels caught. In the fall came the harvest, and the hunt for furs. Winter was spent inland, sheltered by wigwams, making garments, baskets, and other articles, and in hunting large game for fresh meat. Increasing contact with white trappers and settlers, and trips to the missions in Canada, brought the opportunity to trade for implements, weapons, and woven fabric.

Locations in Bethel which have been identified as Indian sites include a 3-to-4 acre intervale area on the banks of the Androscoggin above Riverside Cemetery, where the Indians had a village and a 10 acre cornfield. Settlers found this uninhabited for about 50 years prior to 1774, but in clearing the land found twenty storage cellars, possibly for corn, and a number of articles including gunbarrels, kettles, axes, knives, bottles, arrows and hoes. The hoes were put to their normal use by the settlers, but Fenno the blacksmith recycled the gunbarrels into fireshovel handles, an activity which nearly came to an end when a charge of powder lodged in one of them exploded. A single skeleton of a young girl was found wrapped in birch bark with a piece of white ash bark under her head. Mollyockett told settlers that the girl had been killed in a drunken frolic. She also indicated that the Indians of this village had been happy there until driven away by whites. This would make sense given the possible hasty exit after Lovewell's Fight when the threat of English raids prompted exodus to Canada.

The Jonathan Clark farm, near the entrance to Mill Brook, was an Indian burying ground. Settlers found a clearing and graves here and the Indians who visited camp here. It is possibly not coincidental that this was the site of the Indian Raid.

Pow Wow Point in the name by which Bethel residents have identified an area near the narrows in the Androscoggin River approximately one mile before the main railroad crossing at Bethel Hill. This seems to have been a meeting place for area Indians and a camp ground.

WELL-KNOWN INDIANS OF THE BETHEL AREA

Note on Indian Names: The names which have come down to us identifying certain Indians are usually corruptions of the French Christian names received at baptism in Canada. There are, for example, many Indians named Peol, or Pierre, and Susup, or Joseph. Mollyockett, really comes from the Christian name Marie Agathe (Mary Agatha) which Bethel's best-known Indian received at the time of her baptism by the French missionaries. The difficulty the Indians had in pronouncing the letter "r" led to an "l" sound, resulting in "Maliagat" or "Mollyockett," more familiar to English-speaking people.

MOLLYOCKETT:

The best-known Indian from Bethel's past is certainly Mollyockett, who was a familiar figure in the area from the first years of white settlement until her death in Andover in 1816. She was a noted authority on Indian healing arts, crafts and survival skills, and frequently shared her knowledge with her many white friends. Mollyockett was born in the early 1740's, in Saco, and is believed to have spent her early years in the Fryeburg area, the tribal area of the Pequakets, her tribe. She almost certainly was one of a group of Pequaket family members who were sheltered by the English, first in Scarborough and then in Plymouth, Mass., during a colonial war in 1749, the male members of the group having sided with the English. She was at the St. Francis Mission in Canada at the time of Roger's Raid in 1759, and told of saving herself by hiding in the bushes. She was married in Canada; her daughter being baptised at the Mission in 1764. By 1766, her first husband dead, Mollyockett was living in Fryeburg, with Sabattis, with whom she had three children. The family was friendly with many of the early settlers of Fryeburg. This period in Mollyockett's life came to an end about 1770, when Sabattis' first wife arrived from Canada, and the two women physically fought to settle claim to his affections. Mollyockett lost the prolonged battle, witnessed by Sabattis, lounging on a woodpile, and several settlers. She left, and soon after, joined a group of Indians in Bethel, led by Capt. Swassin. This group was visited in 1772 by Henry Tufts, whose 1804 published account relates his healing by Mollyockett. Mollyockett's remaining years were spent travelling throughout the Androscoggin Valley, from northern N.H. and Vermont to Paris and Poland. She made frequent trips to Canada, visiting her children, one of whom was a chief in Canada. Many stories about Mollyockett were recorded by white settlers, and involve her healing powers, her simple religious faith, her determined insistence on her rights as an original proprietor of Bethel, and her generosity in sharing her skills and friendship with the settlers.

Mollyockett was probably in the Bethel area at the time of the Indian Raid, and it may have been at this time that she travelled through the woods to warn a Captain Clark of Boston that his life was in danger. She arrived too late to save two of Clark's friends from Tomhegan, but did warn Clark, who held himself forever in Mollyockett's debt for the alert.

METALLAK:

Metallak is most associated with the area of Northern New Hampshire near Lake Umbagog, and, like Mollyockett, remained in this area long after white settlement. He also developed strong friendships with whites and a reputation similar to that of Mollyockett. Lt. Segar identified Metallak as being at the St. Francis Mission, when the raiding party and captives arrived there after the Sudbury Canada incident, indicating that Metallak was known to residents of Bethel before 1781. Metallak served as a guide to many prominent figures during the latter part of his life,

(Continued on Page 7)

FOR THE TRAVELLER:

Collections of Indian Artifacts in Maine Museums, as listed in the Directory of the American Association of Museums.

Maine State Museum, Augusta

Maine Historical Society, Portland

Fort Western Museum, Augusta

Bangor Historical Society, Bangor

Penobscot Heritage Museum, Bangor

Robert Abbe Museum of Stone Age Antiquities, Bar Harbor

St. Croix Historical Society, Calais

Nylander Museum, Caribou

Wilson Museum, Castine

Deer Isle - Stonington Historical Society, Deer Isle

Aroostook Historical Museum, Houlton

Madawaska Historical Society, Madawaska

Anthropology Museum, University of Maine, Orono

Colonial Pemaquid, Pemaquid Harbor

Phippsburg Historical Society, Phippsburg

Vinalhaven Historical Society, Vinalhaven

Redington Museum, Waterville

Lincoln County Museum, Wiscasset

MOLLYOCKETT: THE GREAT INDIAN DOCTRESS

Despite the fact that many Indians were privy to the knowledge of herbal medicine practiced by Mollyockett, she seems to have had a reputation for exceptional skill among her own people and the white settlers. There are several accounts of her successful treatments, the most famous of which was certainly the cure of the Infant Hannibal Hamlin of Paris Hill, for whom she prescribed cow's milk, and who went on to a distinguished political career including the Vice-Presidency of the United States. Other treatments included the application of warm milk punch to an injured hand, a decoction of the inner bark of spruce for a dysentery epidemic, and the pounded root of Solomon's Seal for an infection. Other ingredients which went into her drinks, salves or poultices included blood-root, buck-thorn, skunk-cabbage, various barks, sweet elder, sumach berries, and herbs.

Henry Tufts, who visited Sudbury Canada, and lived among the Indians here in 1772-75, sought Mollyockett's treatment for a knife wound in the leg. Although he found her remedies nearly unpalatable, his confidence in the "great Indian doctress" was so great that he continued the course of treatment and was cured. He then spent time attempting to learn her medical secrets, and visited other patients with her. Mollyockett seems to have been willing to share much of her medical knowledge with the settlers, but did keep some special secrets to herself.

INDIAN TREASURE LEGENDS

Rumors of buried Indian treasure have been common in the area since the first days of settlement, with most of the stories centering around the well-known Indian, Mollyockett. Mollyockett herself, seems to have been only too willing to satisfy the settlers' thirst for such tales, and details of her stories have been magnified and embroidered with retelling throughout the years.

The area of Whitecap Mountain in Andover figured in treasure tales associated with Mollyockett, as she claimed to have found a rich deposit, the location of which she would be willing to disclose for suitable compensation. For years after Mollyockett's death in Andover in 1816, residents of that town speculated over the whereabouts of her hoard of money and jewelry, although her remaining possessions had been auctioned following her death to cover the cost of her care during her last illness. It was gen-

erally believed that another cache was buried in a teakettle on Farmers' Hill in the vicinity of Whitecap, with an elaborate system of clues beginning with certain marked rocks in the Ellis River, leading the way to the spot. Great excitement ensued when someone found a suitably marked rock, and a treasure hunt was on. Unfortunately for religious-minded citizens, the Sabbath arrived before the hunt was complete, and when they reconvened early Monday morning, it was to find signs of digging, and the sight of two less-scrupulous souls making off down the hill with a tea-kettle shaped object suspended on a stick between them.

Mollyockett is said to have told residents of the Paris area of the existence of buried gold, left by Indians departing for Canada in 1755, the site of which was marked by a trap hanging in a tree. The discovery, in 1860, of a length of chain enmeshed in a tree on the farm of George Berry in West Paris, set off a hunt. No gold was found, but the story has lived on to tantalize each generation of school children in the area.

A story prevalent in East Bethel families, but not mentioned in the usual Mollyockett sources, involved the burial of treasure on Hemlock Island in the Androscoggin River. This cache of possessions, belonging to Mollyockett, was stolen by a settler, and when the irate owner recognized her iron hatchet in the settler's cabin, she pronounced a curse on the family.

The truth of these stories is lost to time, but it is known that the Indians of Mollyockett's era did accumulate money and jewelry through sale of furs, for medical services, and in trade. It is also likely that their nomadic life-style led them to cache possessions in secret spots, knowing that they would collect them upon their return.

The real treasure which has rewarded hunters of another sort is the archaeological legacy left by the Indians. Evidences of that rich past have rewarded both professional and amateur archaeologists. The most impressive find of this sort occurred in the 1970's in Berlin, N.H. with the excavation of the Mt. Jasper Indian quarry and workshop dating back 7000 years. Androscoggin River Valley Indians sought rhyolite here for use as stone tools and the archaeological project headed by Dr. Mike Gramly has produced many examples illustrating the methods used.

WELL KNOWN INDIANS (Continued From Page 6)

including Governor Lincoln of Maine, and Hon. Moses Mason of Bethel for whom Metallak drew a map of the Magalloway River on birch bark. The moose antlers on display in the Moses Mason Museum came from Metallak, as did the materials which Dr. Mason transformed into the unique moose-horn chair also in the museum collection.

Metallak travelled and camped throughout the region, with members of his family, and it was his group of Indians that brought Mollyockett to Andover at the time of her final illness in 1816. Metallak lived until the late 1840's, spending his last days, infirm and blind, in Stewartstown, N.H.

TOMHEGAN:

The full name of the villain in the Indian Raid saga was Tumtumhegan, who was the regional chief of the area, centered at Lake Umbagog, including the upper Androscoggin Valley. Tomhegan differed from most of the area Indians in siding with the British rather than the Americans in the Revolution. He led the attack on Sudbury Canada in 1781 and is identified with other similar episodes. Early sources link his motives with his Tory loyalties, and a "deep hatred" toward the settlers, to which certainly must be added the disputed claim to the tribal lands

(Continued on Page 9)

gave us none to eat. Mrs. Pettengill and a number of children were in the house, but they received no abuse from them.

After a short stay here, the Indians told Mr. Pettengill that he must go with them to Canada. He told them he had no shoes. They searched the house, but they found none. They then told him that he might tarry at home, but charged him not to leave the house.

We then went on, I should suppose, a mile or more, and we were ordered to stop. Two of the Indians went back, and soon returned, and Mr. Pettengill with them; we travelled some distance together. On a sudden, Mr. Pettengill was missing. I thought they had sent him back; but they killed him about half a mile from his house. Some days after, his wife discovered his dead body in the bushes, where they had left it. Mr. Joseph Greely Swan, with several others from Bethel, went and buried him. His body was in a high state of putrefaction, when buried.

After this melancholy event, though we did not know it at the time when it was done, we went on to a brook in Shelburne, N.H. Here we found a number of children at play. When they saw the Indians, they were very much terrified. One of the Indians asked them if there were men at the next house; they said there were ten. They asked them if they had guns. They said they had. There were not ten men in the place; but the children, being so much terrified at the sight of the Indians, did not know what they said to them.

The Indians were so much terrified at the answers, which the children had given them, two of them threw off their packs in great haste, and put them on us, one on me and the other on Mr. Benjamin Clark. We were now loaded with two packs apiece for us to carry on our journey, with our arms tied fast.

In this situation, the Indians ordered us into the Androscoggin River, and to march through it, and to get over as well as we could, with four of the Indians; and there were three of us. We obeyed their orders, and with great exertions, we arrived, through the goodness of God, safe to the other shore; but I know now how, for people tell me, "that it was never forded before or since that time, at that place." As the prisoners could not swim, and the water being deep, it is the more difficult for me to account how we did so safely cross this river. Those two Indians, who loaded us with their packs, after we were over, crossed the river themselves in great haste, and came to us. Then we all travelled on, till we came to a small house, owned by Mr. Hope Austin. His wife and children were in the house; but Mr. Austin was not at home, at this time. The Indians searched the house for plunder. They found a little money and some other things, in the house, which they took. They told Mrs. Austin to tarry in the house, and promised that she should not be hurt.

After this, we were ordered to resume our march. We travelled some miles, and were ordered to stop in some woods. Tomhegan took his gun and went from us. We soon heard the report of a gun. Tomhegan soon came back to us with a colored man with him, named Plato. He began to inquire of Plato, how many men there were in a house near by; he said there were two, besides the one, whom Tomhegan had shot. Little did I think, when I heard the report of the gun, that a man was killed. It was Mr. Peter Poor who was killed. Mr. Poor and Plato were going out to work after dinner. Tomhegan had secreted himself among fell trees, where they were passing to their work. As soon as they came near him, he raised himself, and called them to come to him. "Poor", as Plato said, "turned to run, and Tomhegan instantly shot him, and he died immediately." The Indians told

me, now they had Plato, they would let one of the prisoners go back; accordingly, one of the Indians said to Lieut. Clark, "you may go back, provided you will keep the road." With a joyful heart he embraced the opportunity to gain his desired liberty, and to return into the bosom of his family and friends. But he did not keep the road as he was ordered, but crossed the river, and turned into the woods, and went through them to his family, and thus undoubtedly saved his life. For an Indian or two, who were left behind to bring up the rear, would have met him in the road, and would undoubtedly have killed him on his retreat home, as a deserter.

After this, we went with the Indians to the house, where Capt. Rindge, the owner of the house, with his wife and children were. Capt. Rindge was amazingly alarmed at the approach of the Indians. He told the Indians, that he was "on the king's side." Notwithstanding, they plundered his house, and got a great deal of value. He was so terrified, that he brought many things to them, which belonged to his wife. We all fared well here, and had victuals enough. The Indians went out and scalped Mr. Poor. Hope Austin was here; he had deserted the house, and fled into the woods before the Indians entered the house; and so escaped any personal injury from them. The Indians told Capt. Rindge, that he might tarry at home. They made a prisoner of Elijah Ingalls. He was a boy; but Capt. Rindge so far prevailed with the Indians, in his behalf, that they dismissed him.

The Indians were now preparing to proceed on their journey for Canada. We all set out, as we were ordered, though with aching hearts and trembling limbs, and with heavy packs on our shoulders, leaving our friends behind us, fearing we should never see their faces again on this side of a boundless eternity, not knowing what would befall us on the way, as we were liable to perish by hunger, or by savage cruelty. Though God has seen fit to order it otherwise for us.

Under the most gloomy apprehensions, we entered the wild, howling wilderness, with cruel and blood thirsty savages, for

(Continued on Page 9)

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF N. SEGAR

NATHANIEL SEGAR, son of Josiah and Thankful (Allen) Segar, born in Newton, Mass., January 28, 1755, has the credit of being the first to make improvements in Sudbury Canada, but that credit may be due to Jonathan Keyes. He came here in 1774, then served in the war of the revolution, returned here in 1779, was here in 1781, and one of the three carried captive to Canada. He married Mary, daughter of Benjamin Russell, settled in the lower part of the town, in what is now Hanover, and lived to a great age. d. 1847.

Children:

- i. Pamelia, b. April 18, 1789, m. Samuel Lufkin
- ii. Edmund, b. April 1, 1790, d. Sept. 18, 1797
- iii. Abigail, b. Sept. 16, 1792, m. Capt. Wm. Barker
- iv. Allan, b. May 13, 1793, m. Eliz. Howard, 2nd. Ascha Howard
- v. Apphia, b. Nov. 8, 1794, m. James Godwin
- vi. Lucy, b. Jan. 21, 1796, m. Ichabod Norton of Norridge-wick
- vii. Polly, b. Sept. 1, 1797, m. Daniel Estes
- viii. Edmund, b. Oct. 21, 1798, m. Betsey Powers
- ix. Russell, b. Feb. 21, 1800, went to Ohio
- x. Nathan, b. Oct. 6, 1801, went to Ohio
- xi. John E., b. Mar. 4, 1803, m. Lydia Farnum
- xii. Nathaniel, b. Sept. 4, 1804, went West
- xiii. Submit, b. Feb. 28, 1806, d. Nov. 28, 1824

(Reprinted from Lapham's History of Bethel.)

Canada. When we had travelled some miles in the wilderness, we came to a large mountain. Here we tarried for the night. The next morning, as soon as it was light, we set out again; and by great exertions, we ascended the mountain to its summit; where we had a fine prospect around us, of this wilderness, and mountainous country. But making no tarry here, we were hurried on till we came to the height of land between Androscoggin river and the Umbagog lake, from whose source this famous river takes its rise. Here we had a short respite, being allowed to rest and refresh ourselves.

Here an Indian pulled off some spruce bark, untied my hands, and told me to write, that if ever we were overtaken by Americans, they, the Indians, would kill the prisoners. This bark he stuck on a tree, and then bound my hands again.

After we had travelled on several miles in the wilderness, towards Umbagog lake, the Indians ordered the prisoners to sit down. Upon this, they took three scalps from their packs; but we did not know whose they were, nor where they obtained them. We knew that Mr. Poor's was one, but whose the others were, we could not conjecture at this time; we feared that they were obtained from our friends, whom we had left behind. However, the Indians inform us, that they overtook a man in the woods, when they were on the way to Bethel. They supposed him to be a deserter from Canada, and had killed and scalped him; and afterwards we were informed that they had killed and scalped Mr. Pettengill, which make the three scalps.

A bounty had been promised the Indians by the British officers, of eight dollars for a scalp, or for a prisoner. This is a most savage and abominable act, even for a savage, but much more so for a civilized people, as the savages would be as likely to scalp on one side as the other, whether friend or foe; and, therefore, must be the most savage act ever practiced by man.

The Indians gave me a journal, which they said they had taken from the man whom they overtook in the woods; but I could not read it. I believe it was written in the French or Dutch language.

At St. Francois, I was asked where the Indians had obtained so much money, as they had. I told them I did not know of more than twenty dollars, which they had plundered while we were with them. I was told the Indians had a large sum in gold. I believe they got it of the man whom they overtook and killed in the woods.

During our tarry at this place, we were permitted to sit down and rest ourselves, but they would not permit us to sit together. This was a very rocky place. Here they took the hair of their scalps in their teeth, and began to shake their heads, to cohoop, to jump from rock to rock, and conducted and acted in such a hideous and awful manner, as almost to make our hair stand upright upon our heads, and to fill us with fear and trembling. I had heard of an Indian powwow; but when tongue can tell, or imagination can describe the looks and actions of these savages on such occasions? Such scenes are beyond description. Their actions are inconceivable. *It would seem that bedlam had broken loose, and that hell was in an uproar.*

After the horrors of this scene were over, we were ordered to pursue our journey. We travelled on till we arrived at Umbagog lake, which lies partly in New Hampshire, and partly in Maine. We arrived here the fifth day after we were taken prisoners. The Indians here had three canoes, which were made of spruce bark. They made them, as they said, when they came to make prisoners of us. In these canoes we all passed safely over the lake. They now considered themselves safe. They had

(Continued on Page 14)

FOR THE SCHOLAR: SOURCES ON THE INDIAN RAID

Sudbury Canada, August 3, 1781

Bennett, Randall H. "New England's Last Indian Raid" New England Galaxy, Summer, 1978, pp. 45-54.

Segar, Nathaniel, Brief Narrative of the Captivity and Sufferings of Lt. Nathan'l Segar, Paris, Maine, 1825.

True, Dr. Nathaniel T., History of Bethel printed serially in The Bethel Courier 1859-1861.

Wiley, Benjamin, Incidents in White Mountain History, Boston, Mass., 1856.

Woodrow, Arthur D., Story of Metallak with the Life of David Robbins, The Story of Molly Ockett, The Adventures of Lieut. Segar, and The Killing of The Last Moose, Rumford, Maine, 1928.

WELL KNOWN INDIANS (Continued From Page 7)

above Rumford Falls, threatened by settlement. Tomhegan's attack on Col. Clark, a Boston trader and a favorite with other area Indians, was thwarted by Mollyockett's warning.

In his Incidents in White Mountain History, Wiley describes Tomhegan's death, without giving any details as to circumstances, date or place. "He was tied upon a horse, with spurs on his heels, in such a manner that the spurs continually goaded the animal. When the horse was set at liberty, he ran furiously through an orchard, and the craggy limbs of the trees tore him to pieces."

SABATTIS:

Sabattis is most strongly identified with the Fryeburg area. He sympathized with the American forces in the revolution, and accompanied Arnold's March to Quebec. He also led the rescue party from Fryeburg to Bethel at the time of the Indian Raid. He was friendly with many settlers and visited Bethel at intervals until 1800. He was particularly friendly with the James Swan family, whom he and Mollyockett had known in Fryeburg, and who later relocated in Bethel. Sabattis had a fondness for rum and apparently after indulging, attempted to wring Mr. Swan's neck. Swan soundly trounced him and Sabattis ever after considered him a friend to be treated to such delicacies as choice bits of moose.

CAPTAIN SWASSIN:

Swassin, also known as Swanson or Swarson, was the head of the small Indian group living in the Bethel area when Henry Tufts stayed with them in 1772-75. Swassin joined the American Revolutionary forces and was presented with a sword in recognition of his service. True identifies Swassin as a Pequaket.

MOLLY SUSUP:

Mollyockett's daughter, Molly Susup, was a child during the 1770's and lived with her mother in the Bethel area, attending school and playing with the children of the settlers. She was noted for her athletic prowess, and could outwrestle the school-boys. Her later romance with the then-elderly Captain Swassin was a source of worry and embarrassment to her mother, who would not allow their marriage despite the birth of a child, Molly Peol, to Molly Susup. Molly Susup later married and left the area.

CAPTAIN PHILIPS:

Another Revolutionary war veteran, Captain Philips was mentioned by Henry Tufts, and identified by N.T. True as a Pequaket, and Mollyockett was recorded as living with his group of Indians in Andover in 1788.

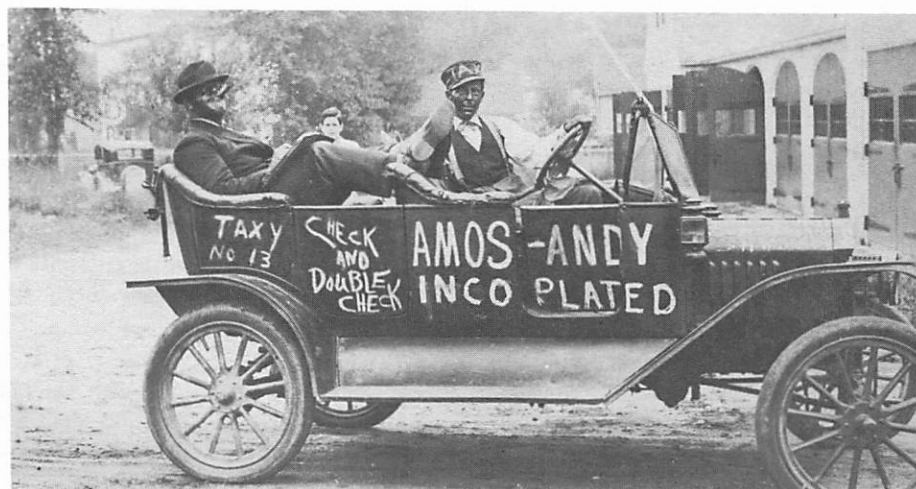
(Continued on Page 13)



Pageant, 1931 Celebration



Parade, 1931 Celebration



Albert "Mickey" Flanders & Vernon "Tink" Brown - 1931 Celebration



1931 Celebration, Settler's Cabin

FRONT ROW: Milan Chapin, Robert Littlehale, Albert Sumner, Edward Lyon, Hugh Thurston, Dale Thurston, Eslyn Warren Bartlett, Leslie Davis, Philip Chapman, William Bryant, Widd Twaddle, Earl Williamson, Charles Chapin.

BACK ROW: Paul Brown, Norris Brown, John Twaddle, John Howe, Robert Sanborn, Ashby Tibbetts, James Alger, _____, Grace Carter, Edmund Smith, Linwood Brown, Perley Andrews, Thomas Brown, Fred Clark, Sherman Greenleaf, Harry Taylor, Ernest Blake.



Dance on Common - 1931 Celebration

turing another prisoner; the settlers regained the fort, carrying their killed and wounded with them. The Indians again retired out of sight, and presently an Indian scout carrying a flag of truce approached the fort, proposing an armistice for burying the dead. This is granted by Capt. Rose, and the Indians collect their dead and go through the ceremony of an Indian burial, after which the battle is opened again and the fire on the fort resumed from all sides. Presently the chief of the Indians, with two followers conducting the prisoner between them advanced into the open ground in front of the fort without any weapons, and the chief with both hands uplifted (the Indian flag of truce) with his two followers and the prisoner behind him, with slow steps and stately bearing draw near the fort. About half way across the open space he halts, the whole band of Indians drawn up in line of battle within firing distance distance behind him, just on the edge of the clearing. Capt. Rose orders his men to draw up in line outside the block house, in a similar position and facing the Indians, and then with two followers, and without weapons, bearing a flag of truce, advanced to the conference with the chief. The interview is short. Tomhegan wishes to compel a surrender of the garrison by threats of torture upon the prisoner he has secured. Capt. Rose declines to surrender, but offers five bear skins, two pounds of tobacco and two gallons of fire water, if the chief will release the prisoner. This offer is declined, and Capt. Rose and his men retire from the conference. As he turns to come back, the Rangers raise their rifles to their shoulders and cover Tomhegan, who remains erect and motionless until Capt. Rose and his men have again entered the block house, when he slowly retires. The attack again commences with great vigor, and is concentrated upon the south side of the fort, a continuous firing being kept up for ten or fifteen minutes. During this attack an Indian brave, creeping very stealthily and dodging from tree to tree, approaches the fort from the north side. He carries only a tomahawk and scalping knife for weapons, and a torch. Very slowly and cautiously he works his way up to the corner of the blockhouse, undiscovered by the garrison, and climbing up the side, gets upon the roof and runs up rapidly - across the rafters to the ridge pole. Arriving there, he swings his torch about his head, and giving a ringing war whoop which is answered by the whole band of Indians, he fires the thatch on both sides of the fort, throws away his torch and leaps to the ground. No sooner does he reach it than one of the garrison who has been lying in wait for him, pounced upon him, and a fierce hand to hand struggle ensues, the man being nearly equal in prowess; but the settler losing his foothold, falls, and before he can rise is brained by the tomahawk of the Indian, who, taking his scalp, which he brandishes above his head, with another war whoop darts under cover of the trees and is gone. (This scene was splendidly rendered, the acting of Fred Clark and his brother being most excellent, and they justly deserving of compliment.) The burning roof drives the settlers from the fort, and as they

emerge the savages close in upon all sides, and the battle is fierce. Finally, Capt. Rose charges them, dividing his forces into two companies, and inflicts great slaughter and captures many prisoners. The remaining Indians are dispersed, and the Captain of the Rangers, forming his men into a hollow square about his prisoners, who have been disarmed, marches to the headquarters of the Commandant and reports the defeat of the Indians, and that he has secured twenty-seven prisoners. He is ordered to take his prisoners, join the procession and march to the grove.

There are many features of interest worthy of mention in the Indian programme. The costuming of the savages excited universal astonishment on account of its excellence and exactness of detail. The squaws especially who accompanied this war party were costumed very finely. Several of the dresses worn were verifiable Apache costumes, brought from the West by Gen. Grover. The Indian burial was very finely produced, and the saving of Capt. Smith's life by his Indian sweetheart was also well done.

The movements of both forces, Indians and Rangers, were controlled by a system of flag signals from the headquarters of the Commandant and his staff.

The community of Bethel and the great concourse of people assembled there, are certainly under great obligation to the committee who arranged and perfected this Indian attack, and also to H. C. Barker (Tomhegan) and Capt. D. C. Rose, who have added their persistent and untiring efforts to make this representation of Indian warfare not only spirited and very interesting, but a very exact and perfect reproduction of the experiences of one hundred years ago. It was a grand success.

Committee on Indian Attack: W. E. Skillings, Chairman; L.T. Barker, A. E. Herrick, H. C. Barker, Dr. Tue!! Officers: W. E. Skillings, Commandant; L. T. Barker, A. E. Herrick, Staff: D. C. Rose, Captain of Rangers; H. C. Barker, Chief of Indians.

The block house was built in the center of Bethel's neat little common. It was about thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide, and a correct imitation of the fortress of ancient Bethel. The sides were formed of old railroad sleepers, with port-holes left open every few feet. The rafters were blackened spruce poles cut from burned woods. The roof was peaked and thatched with hay and boughs.

There was a dense crowd around the common during the fight, and mounted policemen had to keep them back. Several teams were upset. People came from the adjoining towns in hay racks, trimmed with boughs. It was a regular Fourth of July or circus day scene, and Prof. Teague's voice floated over it all, eloquently calling attention to his "Centennial Lemonade". "Refresh yourselves, good people, refresh yourselves." The hotels did a big business.

The perfect success of the mock Indian battle, which was most theatrically carried through is due to the untiring exertions of Mr. W. E. Skillings, who conceived and superintended the executions of the whole programme. Mr. Dwight Rose and Mr. H. C. Barker were his heartiest co-workers.

At 11 a.m. the procession formed and marched to Kimball Park, where seats were provided under the trees, and the following literary exercises were presented, enlivened with music by the Bethel Cornet Band; 1st music by band; 2nd Prayer; 3rd music; 4th historical address by Dr. N. T. True, M.D.; 5th song by an Indian, "Oh why does the white man follow my path?"; 6th poem by Hon. A.S. Twitchell of Gorham, N.H.; 7th music, 8th Basket Picnic Dinner.

(Continued on Page 13)

1881 PROGRAM OF CELEBRATION

- 5 A.M. Bell Ringing
- 9 A.M. Parade and Pageant on the Common
- 11 A.M. Procession to Kimball Park
 - Literary Exercises
 - Picnic Basket Dinner
 - Musical Selections
- Evening Dance, Pattee's Hall

D. F. Brown, esq., presided. Prayer was offered by Rev. Jarvis K. Mason, D.D. The Historical Address was by Dr. N. T. True of Bethel. No fitter selection for this purpose could have been made. The Doctor's intimate acquaintance with Indian lore and the early history of Bethel added to his habits of exploration in unfrequented paths of study, enabled him to give a picture, fresh and true to life, of the times and adventures of Bethel's pioneers.

After the literary exercises, the company partook of a picnic dinner.

Afternoon. Toasts and sentiments were read in the grove by Hon. Enoch Foster, Jr. followed by responses and speeches from distinguished gentlemen present. The toasts and the responses were as follows:

"Our Pioneer Fathers, — We will always cherish their memory." Rev. J. K. Mason, D. D. of Fryeburg.

"Our Pioneer Mothers — Still remembered by our ancestors, remind their descendents of their duty," Rev. D. Garland and S. F. Gibson, esq., of Bethel.

"Fryeburg — Our older sister, We rejoice with her in her prosperity." Hon. Sullivan Wiley of Machias.

"The Pioneers of Sudbury Canada. Their blood still flows in the veins of their descendants." Benj. W. Clark, esq. of Bethel, the son of Lieut. Clark, who was carried off by Tomhegan's Indians.

"Bethel, a gem among the mountains." Rev. A. Bosserman of Bethel.

"The Androscoggin. She needs no poet to praise her, for she is a poem unto herself." John Preston True of Bethel.

"Heathenism and Christianity, which?" Rev. Mr. Pease of Bethel.

"Freedom — a precious legacy left to us by our ancestors." Elbridge G. Wheeler of Bethel.

"The New England Yankkee and the New York Dutchman, each originated from different nationalities, but one in national sentiment." Rev. Dr. McCully of Machias, a native of New York.

"The Gorham Cadets - good representatives of our citizen soldiery." Dr. N. T. True of Bethel.

"The Clergy, great exponents of the highest elements of man's nature." Rev. S. L. Rowler of Bethel.

"The Physician, while the clergyman knows the best side of man, and the lawyer the worst side, the physician knows all sides." J. A. Morton, M.D. of Bethel.

"Bethel welcomes back her wandering sons on this Centennial Day." Prof. G. A. Robertson of Augusta, formerly of Bethel.

There was a dance in Pattee's Hall, in the evening for the young folks.

The Bethel Cornet Band is entitled to hearty thanks for their contribution to the success of the day. Their music was very spirited, and finely executed. Besides its participation in the general programme, which reflected great credit upon them, and which called forth numerous encores from the crowd, the members tendered a complimentary concert in the afternoon to W. E. Skillings at his residence, which was very much enjoyed by a large party of friends, who had assembled for the purpose. It is surprising to find an organization containing so many skilled players, in a country town. The bank played in excellent time

and tune, under the leadership of Mr. Young. It consists of 15 pieces as follows: Fred Clark, 1st E flat cornet; S. S. Lurvey, solo B 1st cornet; R. H. Billings, 1st B flat cornet; L. D. Tubbs, 2nd B flat cornet; Amborse Gallison, solo alto; Lee Clough, 1st alto; Ed Robertson, 1st tenor; F. A. Ducan, 2nd tenor; W. B. Johnson, baritone; J. C. Billings, B flat bass; W. F. Ducan, E flat bass; G. E. Young, cymbals; E. H. Young, B flat clarinet and leader.

The Gorham Cadets, Capt. J. E. Neal commanding, with thirty men, gave proof of their excellence in the manual and bayonet practice in a drill on the common, right after the literary exercises.

From 3000 to 4000 people were present in town, but the best of order prevailed, and the police squad had to content themselves with being ornamental.

DEFIANCE!

O, come on ye painted Redskins
From out your hidden nook.
The Settlers bold, with muskets old
Wait down by old Mill Brook.

And the Legionnaires are ready
To start you on the run,
And up Paradise they'll point you
With a Twentieth Century gun.

While Boy Scouts ever watchful
Will swift a message take,
And tell to every white man
That you're coming through the brake.

All the rangers quickly gathered
To the aid of this fair place,
So you'd better take your back tracks
If you'd save your painted face.

So it's no use hiding longer
Within your leafy lair,
For no matter how you hold pow-wow,
You cannot raise our hair.

All the Summer you have trailed us
By every stream and lake;
But you ne'er can wear our scalp lock
Though you burn us at the stake.

Yes beware! ye Indian Warriors
With your tomahawks and jeers
For we'll wallop you so soundly
You will sleep for untold years.

Though cabin homes you plunder
And burn them to the ground,
When night comes the third of August
Not a redskin will be found!

Addie Kendall Mason
Bethel, July 30th, 1931

WELL KNOWN INDIANS (Continued From Page 9)

LEWEY:

This Indian, renowned for his physical strength, called himself by the rank of sergeant, possibly for service in a colonial war.

Other Indians who visited Bethel frequently enough to be known to settlers by name included: PEOL, BLACK SUSUP, SANLOO, ASSABEEL, PASEEL, a son of Sabattis and his first wife, and QUALLIMOSIT.

a little flour, and some moose scraps, with half the hair on; this they gave us to eat. We could eat but little, as hungry as we were. It was not fit for the dogs to eat. This was the last food we had to eat for several days, excepting some sugar, which the Indians had taken by plundering the inhabitants. Here they divided their plunder among themselves, and they had a very merry time of it indeed. Here, likewise, they took off their lousy shirts, and employed themselves in killing their lice with their teeth, as dogs kill their fleas.

After we had rested here some hours, we set out on our journey for Canada in their canoes. They having got rid of their fears, unbound us by day and bound us by night, till we had got to our journey's end.

They conveyed us from Umbagog lake in a small river, which, I believe to be the Magalloway. They went some way on this river. Here they shot a moose; and boiled and roasted some of the meat, and fell to eating like dogs; but we poor prisoners could eat but little, having neither bread nor salt; yet we were hungry. We tarried here some time. They cut some meat from the body of the moose, and partly dried it in the smoke, and put it into our packs. Our packs being heavy already, and we much worn down with hunger and fatigue, could not carry much of the moose meat with us. The Indians expected to kill more on the way, but they did not. Three of the Indians made themselves moccasins of the hide of the moose.

We again set out on our journey for Canada, by land. We had high and rough mountains to travel over, and dismal swamps to pass through, day after day. We were weary and faint. The Indians could get nothing for themselves, or for us to eat. We had now very serious thoughts, lest we should perish in the wilderness. Our strength and spirits failing and sinking so fast in our deplorable situation, that we feared the Indians would kill us, if we gave out; but we mustered all the courage and strength possible, lest we should be destroyed by them.

One night, where we stopped, the Indians took their moccasins, which they had made of the hide of the moose, which they had killed before, from their feet. They were much worn at the bottom and tainted, by reason of the hot weather. They threw them away, and we prisoners picket them up, roasted and ate them. This poor repast strengthened us a little. The Indians had a calf moose skin with them. They burnt off the hair from it, they boiled it, and gave us a part thereof to eat. Through the goodness and mercy of God, we had strength to go on our journey, in hopes we should soon get to the end of it.

We, after some time, struck upon the waters of the river St. Francois. It was at first but a small brook. On the second day, we found it grew much larger. This night we came to the main branch of this river, and encamped for the night. The next morning an Indian told me, that, after travelling a little way, we should come to three canoes, which they took up the river in the spring, when the water was high; and that they had some corn, and spears to catch fish. We were very glad to hear this welcome news. We took courage and travelled on till night. When we came to the canoes, we were weary and tired, and almost worn out with hunger and toil. They boiled the corn, and gave us some of it to eat. We were now somewhat refreshed and encouraged, hoping we should soon get through the wilderness, and our toils and anxiety would come to an end; besides, we had water and canoes to help us along our tedious journey.

In the morning, we set out with our canoes down the St. Francois river. The Indians went on shore and peeled some birch

bark from the trees to make torches to catch fish with in the night. They caught a large fish, called Sturgeon, with their spears. This rejoiced us very much. They cooked it, and gave us some to eat. Then we pursued our course down the river. We had many carrying places, over which we carried our canoes. At length, we arrived at a man's house. He had a number of cows. The Indians milked them, and *we had good bread and milk to eat*; which was a very luscious dish and highly pleasing to us; and we ate as much as we wanted. This house was a mile and a half from the village.

After stopping an hour or two at this place, the Indians ordered us on board our canoes, and we sailed down the river, with all possible speed, in hopes that our fears, danger and toil would soon come to an end, though not our captivity. As we approached the village, the Indians cohooed six times, three times for the three prisoners, they had taken, and three times for the three scalps which they had obtained in the excursions which they had made. They were soon answered from the village. They cohooed very often, during this mile and a half.

We soon came to the village. It was dark, but the Indians made it as light as day with their torches. There were seventy Indian warriors at this place. When we came near the shore, an Indian clinched me by the arm, and violently pulled me to him, swaggering over me, as though he would have killed me. I was surrounded by the Indians on every side, with terrible countenances, and of a strange language, which I did not understand. At this time there were great rejoicings among them over the prisoners, scalps and plunder, which they had taken in this nefarious enterprise. I was afraid they would abuse the prisoners. But while serious thoughts filled my mind, and awful apprehensions troubled me, respecting my situation, a man crowded in among the Indians, took me by the arm, and bid me go with him, and the Indians let me go, and I went with him. When we had gotten from them, he told me the Indians did not abuse the prisoners, provided they were taken from them, as soon as they brought them in.

This man took me to the guard-house, and delivered me to the guard. He inquired of me, how many prisoners there were of us. I told him, there were three, viz: a white and a colored man, besides myself. He then went in search of the other two. He found Plato, surrounded by the Indians, who were throwing firebrands at him. Plato was crying like a child through fear. He was taken from the Indians and conveyed to the guard-house, where I was. Then they went in search of Mr. Benjamin Clark. They found him safe among the Indians. He was taken from them, and was brought to us in the guard-house. The guard seemed really to pity us.

The next morning ten or twelve Indians came to the guard-house, and requested Mr. Clark; the guard told him he might go with them. The Indians took Mr. Clark, cut off his hair, painted him, and dressed him in an Indian dress, like an Indian chief. It seems they intended to make him a chief among them. He was now at liberty among them.

It was fourteen days after we were taken prisoners before we arrived in Canada. And we then felt and said within ourselves: these have been very gloomy and dangerous days to us, and still remain so; for we know not how soon our captivity will come to an end, nor what troubles and dangers still await us, during our confinement from our friends and among our enemies. But we must patiently wait till our deliverance comes; trusting in the mercy of that God, who has hitherto preserved and carried us through so many dangers and hardships as we have experienced already in our captivity, and that he will still support and comfort

(Continued on Page 15)

SPECIAL EDITION OVERVIEW

This Special Edition is the fifth in a series begun at the time of the celebration of the Centennial of Bethel's Incorporation in 1896, and continued in 1904, 1931, and 1974. All have become invaluable sources of information on the local past, and reflect the Bethel community of their times.

1896 — The special edition of The Bethel News of June 10, 1896 sold for ten cents and contained the Centennial program, local news columns, and the usual range of 1890's business advertisements in addition to biographies of local residents, and photographs of businesses, residences and individuals. The 1896 edition seems to have been the work of the News editor Aled Ellingwood, who included a tribute to Dr. Nathaniel True, local historian. Articles on West Bethel, Methodism, Gould Academy, Bethel Abroad, Recollections of Early Bethel, and Bethel Today were contributed by several Bethel residents. The photographs are plentiful and include views of several recently completed structures such as Rowe's Store, now The Opera House, and Odeon Hall, as well as many lovely homes.

1904 — The "Extra Illustrated Edition" of The Bethel News, published on January 6, 1904, differs from the other Special Editions in that it did not accompany a community celebration. The content, however, is much in line with the other papers, combining written sketches of town life and institutions, biographies of business people, and photographs. Combined with a sense of local history, one finds civic pride and a degree of promotionalism. The Edition was planned in response to a News editorial stressing the need to attract money and business to Bethel. A local minister, Charles Gleason, wrote the lead article with other contributions from John P. True and Annie Frye.

1931 — The Special Edition of The Oxford County Citizen published on August 3, 1931, commemorated the 150th anniversary of the Indian Raid, and consists of biographical sketches and photographs of many Bethel residents. Pearl Ashby Tibbetts, who coordinated the Special Edition, remembers the sometimes coercive efforts necessary to arrange for the spit 'n' polish photographs. As in previous Special Editions, there are photographs of businesses, local residences and churches. Sketches on various churches, hotels and businesses are interspersed with the profiles, and special pieces such as a 50-year prophesy and poems.

"A glimpse at other days" - a letter from George Twitchell, provides some historical notes. The 1931 edition sold for 25 cents.

1974 — The 1974 Special Edition of The Oxford County Citizen was published by the Bethel Historical Society on the occasion of the Bicentennial of the Settlement of the town of Bethel and the dedication of the Moses Mason House on July 10, 1974. Coordinated by Catherine Newell, the chairman of the Education Committee of the Historical Society, the Edition was composed of topical articles written by 36 individuals, and photographs of historical and current vintage. Increased printing costs forced the price of the 24-page paper to \$1 per copy.

1981 — The current Special Edition commemorates the Indian Raid and its content is solely devoted to that subject. It has been prepared by Catherine Newell, with a special feature on the 1931 celebration by Margaret Joy Tibbetts, and was printed by Smith and Town of Berlin, N.H.

Copies of the 1896, 1904 and 1931 Special Editions are included in the Archives of the Bethel Historical Society, where they may be read. The 1974 and 1981 Special Editions are available for purchase at the Moses Mason House Museum. The concept of a special edition continues to be an excellent way of

commemorating a community event, a successful fund-raising vehicle, and a good way of recording and disseminating local history.

NATHANIEL SEGAR (Continued From Page 14)

us in all our afflictions, and prepare us for deliverance from savage cruelty, and the hands of our enemies, and restore us in his good time, in safety, into the bosom of our friends, to rejoice in his mercy.

We were here under guard two days. After this, we were given up by the British guard to the Indians, with an interpreter, to carry us in their canoes to Montreal. About ten Indians took the charge of us. On account of contrary head winds, we were many days in going up the river St. Lawrence. The prisoners were sometimes ordered to march by land, with a number of Indians to guard them. When we were in the canoes, we were not permitted to wear our shoes. The canoes, as soon as we were on the land, left the shore, even before I could pick up my shoes. When the Indians came up again, I immediately went for my shoes, but I could not find them. I asked for them, but an Indian told me they had sold them for pipes. I found some fault with them for their conduct; but they told me the King would find me shoes. These were the last things they could take from me. They had ordered me to give them my shirt before, and they gave me an old frock for it, without giving me any boot. I could not help myself, for I was a prisoner, and in their power.

We at length arrived at Montreal, and were conducted to the commander. There were three of us. They examined us and asked us many questions; where we were taken prisoners; how long we had been in the American service, and many other like questions.

The Indians requested the commander, that they might keep Mr. Clark, but he would not grant their request. The Indians then took off all the ornaments from him, and every rag of clothes, except a very short shirt. They now received their bounty money for the prisoners and scalps. They took Plato away with them, and sold him to a Frenchman in Canada. Afterwards he was sent back to his old master, Capt. Rindge. The rest of us were given up to the British. We were ordered to go with a man, who conducted us to the fail, and delivered us to the guard, where were ten prisoners; and some of them confined in irons. Our situation was now truly distressing. We had been so worn down with hunger and a fatiguing journey through the wilderness, and distressing fears in our minds, that we were almost ready to despond. Our allowance was not half sufficient for us. In this place were multitude of rats, which would devour the whole allowance, that was granted us, and was of itself too small for us; but we took every measure to secure it from the rats. The lice, which we caught of the Indians, were a great annoyance on our bodies. We were, therefore, afflicted on every side.

We were kept in this miserable situation forty days. After this, we were taken away and sent up the river St. Lawrence, with forty or fifty other prisoners, collected from various other places, forty-five miles, to an island, where were a guard-house, a block-house and barracks, and also a guard of thirty men. In this tour, we were escorted by guards, till we arrived to the Island. This movement was made in October, the same year we were taken.

There were other prisoners brought here, to the amount of one hundred and eighty. We were guarded by men who deserted from the States. They were cruel, and abused many of the prisoners; and cheated them of part of their allowance. We continued here till the next spring, 1782. (Continued on Page 16)

During the time of our imprisonment here, our sufferings were great and very distressing. We had to endure a hard winter, which was tedious to us, under our other sufferings. We were cooped up in a dismal place. However, we made the best of our circumstances, that we were able as bad as they were, and under tyrannical oppressors; we were breathing for our deliverance, and longing to return home to our beloved country and friends, and to our wonted occupations again. None can know our distresses but those who have felt the same. Hunger, fatigue, confinement, and anxiety, we experienced during our captivity; together with cruel savages, and unfeeling soldiers to guard us. Those who have experienced the same, know how to pity, and can sympathize with us, and we with them.

However, in the summer of the year 1782, we heard that Lord Cornwallis, and his whole army, were taken by Gen. Washington; and there would be a general exchange of prisoners; which information greatly rejoiced our hearts, and gave us a lively hope that our deliverance from bondage would speedily come, which we had so ardently longed for.

Not long after these glorious tidings were announced, and proper arrangements were made, we were taken from this Island, and were conveyed down the river St. Lawrence to Quebec, and ordered on board a ship; but we were detained here twenty days in anxious suspense. Here was another ship provided to take in other prisoners. The vessel we were put on board of, was to sail to Boston, and the other was to sail for Philadelphia. We sailed about the tenth of November, 1782. We were in high spirits, and had a pleasant passage and landed at Castle William, three miles below Boston. The same night we landed at Dorchester point. Mr. Benjamin Clark, my fellow prisoner and sufferer, and myself, set out immediately for Newton, and arrived there before we slept, to the great astonishment and satisfaction of our friends.

Our friends had not heard from us after we were taken, till the night we returned home. They could hardly believe their own eyes, when they saw us. We approached to them, as though we had risen from the dead. Surely this was a joyful season to us and them. We all now rejoiced in the gladness of our hearts, for God's wonderful kindness towards us in our long and distressing captivity, and in delivering us therefrom under circumstances of comfort, and in safety.

And what still added to our joy, we soon heard that preliminaries of peace, had been signed at Paris by plenipotentiaries for that purpose. Soon after, this treaty was ratified by the belligerent powers, in which they acknowledged the United States free and independent.

I tarried at Newton some time, to refresh myself, after I returned from captivity; and soon after the peace, I returned to Bethel, and have made me a small farm, where I have resided ever since, and have reared up a large family. I have undergone all the hardships, and self denials, which are incident to those who are engaged in settling new counties; but have lived to see the town rise from a howling wilderness into fruitful fields, and in flourishing circumstances, and peace and order promoted therein, and blessings laid up therein, for the rising generation yet unborn.

But age and the infirmities thereof, are crawling upon me, and my labor is almost finished, and I soon must go whence I shall not return, which is only the common lot of all mankind. I hope, when I am called for, to go where sorrow is unknown, and where all tears shall be wiped away from mine eyes, where the wicked shall cease from troubling, and where all the weary are at rest.

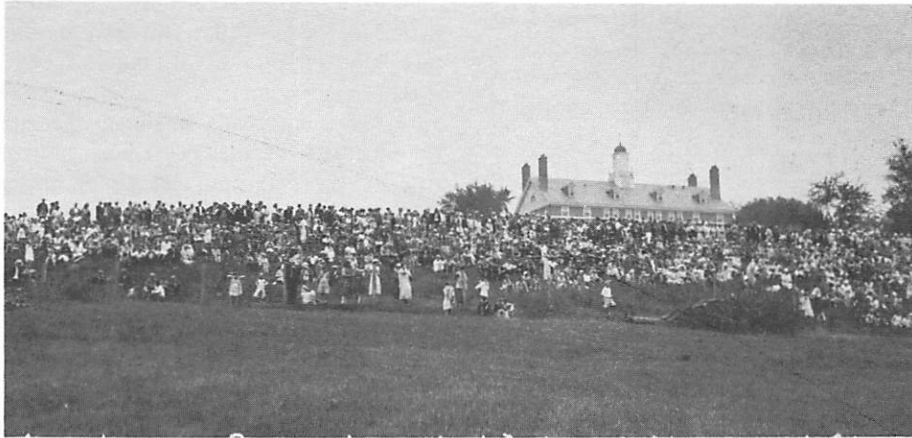
I spent two years and nine months in the public service of my country, and about sixteen months in a most disagreeable captivity by the Indians. This was done in the prime of life, when it was my duty, as well as all young men, to make provisions for future life, and for a family, should they live to enjoy them. My aim was, when I first went to Bethel, in 1774, to make me a farm there; but my attention was arrested by the revolutionary war, and my long captivity in Canada. I was thus defeated for several years, in my designs of making provision for future life: and lost the prime of my youthful strength and activity. The hardships I underwent while young greatly debilitated my constitution, and I have been obliged to labor under these disadvantages, which have, in a great measure, brought on premature old age, and the infirmities thereof. However, I have this consolation, that I have labored for the benefit of my beloved country and posterity. I hope the results of my toils and sufferings will be acknowledged by my country, and prove a lasting blessing to it, and be handed down unsullied to the latest posterity.

I have yet to labor hard to support myself and family, under the infirmities of age and a debilitated constitution; when, had it not been, that I was interrupted in my designs in the early part of my life by the cause of my country, and the hardships experienced at that period, I might have been exonerated, at this period of my life, from being necessitated to labor, in making provision for myself and family; and the evening of my life, might have been spent with much more ease and happiness, than it is possible for it now to be. The comforts of the world and religion are as much as I may expect in this life, and are all I ask for, and are what I earnestly desire, and hope to obtain; and then I shall be satisfied.

It may not be amiss just to mention here, that when the Indians were on their way from Canada to Bethel, in their nefarious design upon the inhabitants, and when I and Mr. Benjamin Clark were made prisoners, they passed through Newry, and entered the house of Capt. Benjamin Barker. Miss Mary Russell and Miss Betsy Mason were at Capt. Barker's on a visit. The Indians entered the house and plundered it of many articles; but not satisfied in plundering the house, they must also plunder these young ladies, and took several articles from them, which they carried away with them. This was a most cruel and barbarous act in them; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruelty!

After Mr. Clark and I were released from our captivity, we both returned to Bethel. We found the young ladies here, and we married them. I married Miss Mary Russell, and Mr. Clark married Miss Betsy Mason. Both of us have had, and reared up, large families by them. Mr. Clark died several years ago. The rest of us are yet living, and through the mercy of God, are in comfortable health; and for which we have abundant reason to rejoice in his mercy towards us.

I would further remark, that for the services, which I performed in the revolutionary war, I received the then currency, which afforded but little compensation for these toils in the defense of my country, owing to the rapid depreciation of the money in which I was paid; that my time was almost lost to myself. Indeed, the country was not about at that time to properly satisfy the soldiers for their labors in that service. And furthermore, I have had no compensation for the time I was in captivity. The loss of time, and the hardships I then underwent, were felt as in the service of my country; and were so considered, as I was *exchanged* as a soldier, taken in actual service, or in time of battle; and, therefore, I always thought, and still think, that I, in *justice*, ought to have received some compensation from my country; but as I have received nothing, it still adds to my calamity, and which has been sensibly felt through life.



BETHEL'S LARGEST CROWD ATTENDS CELEBRATION

The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration of the Last Indian Raid at Bethel in 1781, which took place here last Monday, doubtless drew the largest crowd of people ever assembled in this village. The skies were overcast all day with rain threatening several times, finally breaking out in a heavy shower about six o'clock in the afternoon, but the clouds did not prevent a crowd of thousands who lined the streets by nine o'clock in the morning awaiting the parade and remained throughout the day.

They came.

They saw.

But they did not conquer.

The expected attack on this town by the Indians really did occur on August 3 as was reported by our trusty scouts. While they succeeded in destroying Fred Clark's cabin and scalping Evander Whitman they did not permanently injure our fair village, thanks to the timely rescue work of Capt. Edmund Smith and his Rangers. Work has begun to repair the damages wrought by the redskins and by the end of next week we expect to be enjoying our usual normalcy.

The Sesqui-Centennial Celebration of the Last Indian Raid was a marked success. Due to a remarkable cooperation on the part of all the people of Bethel, an event was staged last Monday which will not shortly be forgotten by those fortunate enough to be present.

The greatest parade that ever marched down a street in Western Maine started the activities of the day.

The baseball game between Lovell and Bethel found Bethel in one of its pensive moods. The Lovell bats pounded out a 11 to 4 victory which was featured by the fielding and batting of "Pete" Ballard of Lovell.

Three bushels of dry beans baked in the ground were served to patrons at the Congregational church and at a special tent on the Common splendidly managed by Mr. and Mrs. Percy Brinck. The success of the dinner at the church is due largely to the efforts of Mrs. Frank Robertson and her corps of very efficient helpers. Charles Merrill and wife disposed of 100 pounds of hot dogs to satisfied customers. "Bill" Garey, Dr. Brown, Tom Brown, Milo McAlister and Alton Bartlett served 15 gallons of fried clams. All who were fortunate enough to get a helping state that they had never eaten such clams in their life.

The pageant was given in the upper end of Henry Hastings' field at the rear of the Students' Home and athletic field, before a crowd estimated at over 5,000 people. A cast of 35 local people deserve a large measure of credit for their admirable performance. The committee of Mrs. Ruth Carter, Mrs. Alma Thurston, Mrs. Agnes Twaddle, and Mrs. Elizabeth Garey worked untiringly in the interest of the pageant. The efforts of Chief Pantagal in coaching the "Indians" at the second rehearsal and his cooperation in the performance added much to the realism of the scene.

One of the most interesting features of the day was the donation of Dr. William R. Chapman, who presented the Princess Wa-hoo-ah in Indian songs with costume. Her voice is a well trained Soprano, of great power and beauty. The large audience recognized and appreciated her ability as an actress and impersonator, and were loud in their applause. She graciously gave several encores, singing six songs in the afternoon, and seven in the evening. In the one with her papoose on her back, her action was wonderful, also in the native "War Song", repeated by

request in the evening. Dr. Chapman accompanied her on the piano, (where accompaniments were required.) By request he played for his neighbors and friends two of his latest compositions. Dr. Chapman has been suffering with neuritis in his right arm, and has not been able to play for some time, but he consented for this special occasion, playing "The Call of the May Day Dancers" and the new "Waldorf Astoria March." They received much applause and were highly appreciated.

The R. & D. Air Circus which was to carry passengers, do stunts, and give a parachute jump, failed to appear on account of the "low ceiling," although our local aviator, Carmeno Onofrio, was over the village during the afternoon. The visiting aviators and the greased pig were the only advertised attractions which failed to materialize. The greased pole was climbed by John Twaddle who won the prize.

At 4 P.M. the celebrators were privileged to dance on an outdoor floor constructed especially for the occasion by Dr. S. S. Greenleaf.

(Reprinted from Oxford County Citizen, August 6, 1931)

ESSAY "1931"

The writer would like to convey to the people who will take our places 25 or 50 years from now, some of the habits, customs, thoughts and pleasures of the average person living in Bethel in 1931, so that you who may read this in 1956 or 1981 may compare your lot with ours.

About everyone has an automobile of some kind, which will travel over our roads safely at the rate of 45 miles per hour. The majority of these cars cost approximately \$600 new, and 70% of the cars one sees are in this class, about 60% being purchased on the installment plan.

Our main thoroughfares are mostly of tarvia with stretches here and there of cement and macadam. Without doubt you in 1956 will have all cement roads, or something even better.

About everyone has a radio, this being invented only about eight years ago and every day becoming more active as a source of pleasure and interest. Recently we have heard a great deal of television, but as yet it has not been placed on the market.

We have two airplanes in Bethel. Many of us have been up, but there are still some who can not be induced to fly. It is now possible, and has been accomplished several times, for flyers to fly to almost any section of the world. There are established air routes between every important city. One wonderful record has just been made by two American aviators, who flew around the world in less than ten days.

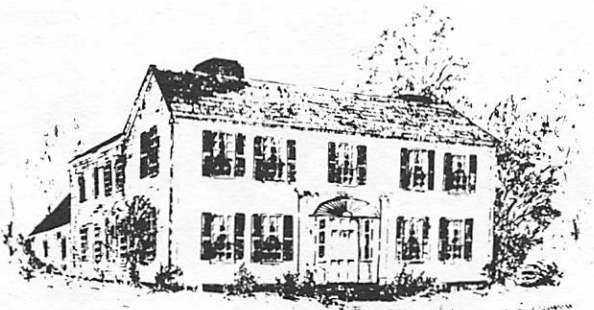
Talking pictures afford a great deal of pleasure, these being improved upon every day. Very fine productions and talent have been given the public at very reasonable prices, hence their immense popularity.

Rents in Bethel are from \$12 to \$25 per month. Groceries are the lowest they have been in 20 years. Wages are from \$3.00 to \$3.50 per day for the ordinary workman.

For the past year and a half, we have been passing through the greatest depression of all times, and extending throughout the entire world. If, however, History repeats itself, conditions will be better before long.

We look back 50 years and see many changes that have taken place during those times and these, and try to imagine what the future holds for you. What changes and improvements you will be subject to, we can only guess. Nevertheless, please remember that with the things mentioned above, short skirts and prohibition? our lot could be worse.

Our last word to you is that we hope you of 1981, will find life as good if not better, than we of 1931. George N. Thompson
(Reprinted from 1931 Special Edition Oxford County Citizen)



BETHEL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Catherine Newell, *President*

Donald G. Bennett, *Vice President*

Edith Eaton Eddy, *Secretary and Clerk*

Board of Trustees

E. Louise Lincoln, *Treasurer*

Judith E. Haskell, *Trustee to September, 1981*

Margaret Joy Tibbetts, *Trustee to September, 1982*

Chairman, Board of Trustees

Helen Morton, *Trustee to September, 1983*

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

The efforts of the Bethel Historical Society in sponsoring Indian Raid '81 have been aimed at continuing the tradition of past celebrations - those of 1881 and 1931 - in focusing on this event from our town's history in a spectacular manner, providing a memorable event for all. The 1981 celebration, however, is not a carbon copy of the galas of earlier eras. Reflecting the Society's emphasis on serious historical scholarship, every attempt has been made to present the Indian Raid in accurate historical perspective. This effort results in the loss of some of the drama of earlier celebrations, but will hopefully be balanced by the gain in real understanding of the details and meaning of the event of August 3, 1781. The revival of interest in crafts and old-time skills which has been characteristic of the past few years has been reflected in planning for Indian Raid '81.

Many of the events planned for 1981 do duplicate the past Indian Raid celebrations. Those with long memories, or a sense of history, will recognize the parade, the bean suppers, dance, music and costumes. The officers, trustees, staff and members of the Bethel Historical Society join me in welcoming you to our celebration, Indian Raid '81.

Catherine Newell

MOSES MASON MUSEUM GIFT SHOP LIST

TILES Moses Mason House \$3

STATIONERY Moses Mason House \$2

Bethel Railroad Station \$2

Covered Bridge \$1

1974 SPECIAL EDITION Bethel Citizen \$1

POSTCARDS Dr. and Mrs. Mason 10¢ each

Moses Mason House

BOOKLETS The Family Farm 75¢ each

Moses Mason and His House

Made in Bethel

Bethel's Broad Street

Adventures in Maine History \$2.95 (Members' price \$2)

The Gould Academy Story \$7.50

The Bethel Historical Society Cookbook \$4.50

PLACEMATS 1878 Map \$1

Four Seasons Set \$6.95

CALENDARS Were \$2.50 Now \$1.25

TOTE BAG \$7.95

WOOD TOTE Log Carrier \$12.95

Oxford County Atlas, 1858 (Old Maps) \$5

T-SHIRTS Moses Mason House Adults \$6 Child \$5

Sudbury Canada Adults \$6 Child \$5

Indian Raid Adults \$6 Child \$5

William B. Lapham's *History of Bethel*, 1991 is being reprinted by the Bethel Historical Society, in collaboration with the New England History Press. Over 700 pages in length, the new edition will include a new index, and an introductory essay and will become available in the fall of 1981. Since there will be a very limited number of copies printed, it is wise to order yours now using the form below. The pre-publication price is \$35 plus \$1.75 Maine sales tax. The price after publication is \$45. Those wishing their copies mailed should also include \$1.75 per book for postage.

NAME (please print) _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN OR CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Number of Books ordered _____ I enclose _____

Please return to: BETHEL HISTORICAL SOCIETY, P.O. Box 12, Bethel, ME 04217

Telephone orders will also be accepted. Please call the Society at (207) 824-2908.

INDIAN RAID '81 COMMITTEES

HONORARY CHAIRMAN: Lt. General James D. Alger, United States Army, Retired

PARADE: Arlene G. Brown, Peter and Denise Brown, Fillmore and Shirley Clough, Mary and Earlon Keniston, Barbara D. Brown, Robert and Virginia Keniston, Rodney and Geraldine Howe, Richard and Jane Hosterman, Harry and Barbara Kuzyk.

CHILDREN'S PARADE: Aline Crockett, Louise Chapman, Cathy Newell, Kathy Cummings, DeeDee Kellogg, Lisa Fox, Frances Doucette

FUND RAISING: Carolyn Campbell, Marlene Marshall, Barbara D. Brown, Cathy Newell

FOOD: Helen Morton, Arlene G. Brown, Carolyn Brooks, Sarah Stevens, Julia Brown, Persis Post, Pearline McMillin, Sylvia Wight, Edna York

FLOWER SHOW: Barbara H. Brown, Barbara D. Brown

CANOE RACES: Robert W. Hastings, Timothy Carter

MILITIA: Alden Kennett, John Skillin, Leo Guerin

PAGEANT: Linda Yates, John Owen, Edward Hastings

EXHIBITS AND CRAFTS: Ronald Snyder, Persis Post, Elizabeth Carter, Rodney Howe, Clarence Rolfe, Mem Enright, Harlan Hutchins, Lawrence Bartlett, Albert Skillings, Sue Laban, Richard Carter, Eric Paul

TRAFFIC CONTROL AND PARKING: E.M. Quinn, Ernest Perkins, Arnold Brown, Stephen Seames, Richard Hosterman

HORSE SHOW: Jody Shimamura

SQUARE DANCE: Eric Paul

PUBLICITY: Donald G. Bennett

COMMUNITY JAM SESSION: Eric Paul

STEERING COMMITTEE: Alden Kennett, Helen Morton, Donald G. Bennett, Arlene G. Brown, Ronald Snyder, Ernest Perkins, E. M. Quinn

OUR GRATITUDE IS EXTENDED TO THE FOLLOWING SPONSORS:

Helen Anna Morton
Charles and Catherine Newell
Rodney and Geraldine Howe
Margaret Joy Tibbetts
Donald G. and Katherine L. Bennett
Donald B. and Edith Eaton Eddy
Louise Lincoln
Leland and Barbara Brown
James and Consuelo Alger
Stephen Trent Seames
Mount Abram Ski Slopes, Inc.
Judith and Colwyn Haskell
Carmo Crafts
John B. and Fumiko I. Head
Groan and McGurn
Sunday River Ski Area
Alvin and Jane Barth
Richard and Jane Hosterman
Norris and Barbara Brown



Planning in Progress for 1981 Raid

Wilfred and Eleanor Conary
James and Josephine Monahan
Nell Valentine
Mary Valentine
Lincoln and Suzanne Fiske
Bradley and Judy Barker
Gould Academy
Gordon and Mary Gillies
Robert Crane Associates
The O'Donnells
Stephen M. Anderson
Edmond and Sudie Vachon
Ken and Sally Ramage
Barn Motel
Kimball and Ruth Ames
Phil and Mary Chadbourne
Norm and June Greig
Howard and Virginia Cole
Dick and Ruth Verville
Sylvia Wight
Representative Karen L. Brown
Owen and Sue Wight
Bob and Florence Hastings
Richard and Frances Harding
George, Danna and Kate Nickerson
Dana and Barbara Douglass
John and Margaret Trinward
E.M. Quinn
Donald S. and Arlene Greenleaf Brown
Mrs. Sherman S. Greenleaf
The Gersen Family
The Norman G. Clanton Family
Margaret A. Davis
Janet E. and Dexter M. Stowell
Alden and Mabel Kennett
Caroline O. Merrill
Norm and Jean Ness
Fay Dick Hastings
Edward H. Hastings
Angevine's Small Engine
Ronald and Gloria Snyder
Kurt Greenleaf Brown
Franklin S. and Rosalind R. Chapman
Jim and Pat Hudson